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Select Tales.

THE BEGGAR-GIRL OF THE PONT-DES-ARTS.

BY WILHELM HAUFF.

[Continued.]

XVII.

"The next week I busied myself in thinking what the girl's rank in life could be. The more I dwelt on her choice language and delicate feelings, the higher I was inclined to place her. I determined to ascertain that point at any rate, and not to be put off again so easily as in the matter of the veil. The Sunday came, and you may remember that afternoon, Faldner, which we spent at Montmorenci. You wanted to stay late, and I urged you to go home early, and finally went off without you. You did not believe the excuse I gave, that I could not bear the night air; but you did not dream of a rendezvous with the beggar-girl of the *Pont-Des-Arts*, and how could you? She was the first on the ground this time, and as she had the handkerchiefs to give me, she was beginning to fear I had missed her. She kept talking on with almost childlike delight,

and, as I fancied, with more confidence than before, while showing me her work by the light of a street lamp. She seemed delighted to hear me praise her needlework.

"See," said she, "I have worked in your name, too," pointing to E. V. F. beautifully embroidered in the corner. She wanted to give me back a handful of silver, and nothing but my declaring that I should feel insulted by her doing so induced her to take it again. I ordered something else, as I saw that this way of giving charity was most agreeable to her feelings. Her mother was not worse, though still confined to her bed. When we had disposed of this subject I asked her directly what was her family and condition. Her story, which was told in a few words, is so common a one in France that I suppose it is the burden of every beggar's petition. Her father was an officer in the *grande armee*, who had been put upon half pay after the restoration, had joined the emperor in the hundred days, and fallen with the guard at Waterloo. His widow lost his pension, and lived afterwards poorly and wretchedly. For two years they had subsisted on the remains of their little property, and had just reached that lowest degree of misery, when

no resource remains but to quit the world at once. I asked her if she could not have assisted her mother in some other way.

"You mean by going out to service?" inquired she, without the least embarrassment; "certainly, but I could not do it. Before my mother fell sick I was too young, hardly fourteen, and when she got so bad that she could not leave her bed I had to remain with her. If she had continued well I would gladly have forgotten our former situation, and would have gone to a milliner's or got a situation as governess, for I have been well educated, sir! but it could not be."

"I again begged her to raise her veil, but in vain. The allusion she made to her age rendered me, I will confess, still more anxious to see her face. She could not be much over sixteen; but she begged me so earnestly to excuse her; she said her mother had given her such good reasons for avoiding it, that it could not be. After this we used to meet twice a week. I had always some work for her, and she was always ready with it at the appointed time. The more closely I adhered to the department I had always showed towards her, the more distant and respectful I was, the more frank and confiding did

she become. She even confessed to me that when at home she was always thinking of our next meeting; and did not I do the same? Day and night I thought only of this singular creature, whose refined taste, amiable softness, and peculiar situation made her every day more interesting to me. Meantime spring had arrived, and with it the time at which I had promised Faldner to join him in a trip to England. Many may think what I say silly, but it is the fact, that I thought of our journey with reluctance. Paris had nothing to interest me longer, but the beggar-girl had so captivated my senses that I looked forward with sorrow to our separation. I could not avoid going without making myself a laughing-stock, for no other sufficient reason for putting off our excursion could be devised. I was ashamed of myself, too, and reproached myself with my own folly. I determined to go, but certainly no one ever took so little pleasure in seeing England as I did.

XVIII.

"I told her of my intention a week before-hand; she trembled and wept. I told her to ask her mother for permission to visit her, and she gave it. The next time, however, she told me with great concern that her mother begged me to give up the idea, as a visit in her present frame of mind would overcome her. I thought of it only as a means of seeing my fair one by daylight, and unveiled, so I requested this favor again before going away, and she promised to obtain her mother's permission. I shall never forget that evening. She came, and my first question was whether she had agreed to it; she said yes, and raised her veil herself. The moon shone bright, and I looked under her hat with trembling eagerness. It seemed, however, that the permission to unveil was only a partial one, for she wore what is called a Venetian mask, which hides the upper part of the face. But how beautiful, how finished were the features that I saw! A small, delicate nose, blooming cheeks, a lovely mouth, a perfect chin, and a graceful, dazzling white neck. As to her eyes I could not satisfy myself, but I fancied they were dark and fiery. She blushed as I gazed long and transportedly at her. 'Do not be angry with me sir,' said she, 'for wearing this half-mask; my mother would not allow it at all at first, and after all it was only on this condition.'

"I felt provoked at it myself, but she gave me good reasons for it, and I saw the force of them. 'And pray what were her reasons?' I asked.

"'Oh, sir,' cried she mournfully, 'you will live forever in our hearts, but you must forget us, nevertheless; you must never see me again, or if you do must not recognize me.'

"'Do you suppose, then, that I shall not recollect these fine features, even if I should not see your eyes or forehead?'

"'My mother thinks you will not,' was her answer; 'she says it is very hard to remember a face that we have only seen half of.'

"'And why must I not see you, not recognize you?'

"She wept again, and clasped my hand as she replied, 'It must not be! You will not care about ever meeting the poor beggar-girl again, and—no, my mother was right, it is better thus!'

"I told her that my journey probably would be back to Paris in two months, and that I hoped to meet her again. She only wept more bitterly, and shook her head. I asked why she doubted it.

"'I feel that this is the last time I shall ever see you,' she told me. 'I do not think my mother will live long; our physician told me so yesterday, and then all is over! and even if she should live, when you go to London you'll soon forget such a poor, wretched creature as I am.' Her grief affected me deeply I tried to console her; I promised her solemnly that I never would forget her. I made her promise to be in the same place on the first and fifteenth of every month to meet me. She promised it, smiling through her tears, as if she felt little hope of it. 'Farewell, then till we meet again!' I said, as I clasped her in my arms, and put a small plain ring on her finger; 'farewell think of me sometimes, and do not forget the first and fifteenth.'

"'How could I forget it?' she answered, looking up to me tearfully. 'But I shall never see you again; you are bidding me adieu forever.'

"I could not refrain from kissing her soft lips. She blushed but did not resist. I slipped a bank-note into her hand, she eyed me anxiously, and clung closer to me. 'Farewell till we meet again!' I said, as she gently freed herself from my embrace. The moment of parting seemed to give her courage; she threw her arms around me, and I felt a warm kiss on my lips as she said passionately, 'Forever, farewell forever!' and disappeared.

"I have never seen her since. After a stay of three months I returned to Paris; on the fifteenth I repaired to the *Place de l'Ecole de Medecine*, and waited there over an hour, but my fair one did not appear. I went there again and again on the first and fifteenth of every month; many a time, too, I strode through the *Rue St. Severin*, and looked up to the windows and inquired for a poor German lady with one daughter, but I never heard of them again, and the sweet girl was right when she bade me 'farewell forever!'

XIX.

Our hero told his tale with a degree of earnestness that added to its effect, and it plainly produced a deep impression, at least on the feminine portion of the company. Josephine wept, and many of the ladies wiped their eyes by stealth. The gentlemen had grown serious, and seemed to listen with much interest, only the Baron smiled meaningly, and touched his neighbor's elbow every now and then, and whispered something in his ear. When Froben paused, he broke into a loud laugh, "That's what I call getting cleverly out of the scrape!" he cried. "I always said our friend was a deep one. Only see how the ladies are moved—the dog! and my wife there is whining as though the priest had refused her absolution. Capital, upon my word! Truth and fiction! Yes, yes, you have been copying Goethe, truth and fiction; it's a capital joke!"

Froben felt hurt, and answered in some displeasure, "I told you at first that I intended to avoid fiction, and tell nothing but the truth, and I hope you will not refuse to believe it such."

"Heaven forbid!" replied the Baron, laughingly. "The truth is, you made your own ar-

rangement with the girl, and now you have built up a little romance out of your visits to her. But you told the story well, I won't deny."

The young man's color changed, he noticed that Josephine's eyes were fixed anxiously upon her husband; he thought he saw that she was of Faldner's opinion, and he was unwilling to be deprived of her esteem by his vulgar wit. "I beg you to say no more about it," he went on; "I have never yet had any reason to put a false coloring on any action of mine, and I cannot allow others to do it for me. I tell you for the last time, on my word, every thing happened just as I have told it."

"Then heaven pity you," answered Faldner, clapping his hands, "for if so, your exaggerated delicacy and theoretical weakness made you throw away a couple of hundred francs on a cunning unfortunate, who took you in every day with a story about poverty and a sick mother, and you got nothing for it but one poor kiss! Poor devil, to be made such a fool of in Paris!"

This insinuation, and the loud laughter with which it was greeted, provoked our hero still further. He was about to leave the company in a towering passion, when he was arrested by an unexpected sight. Josephine rose up slowly, pale as a corpse, and seemed about to make some reply to her husband, but sank down lifeless. Every body sprang up and ran about in confusion; the ladies assisted her, the gentlemen asked each other how it had happened so suddenly; Froben came near fainting himself in alarm, and the Baron muttered curses upon the weak nerves of women, and their fastidious delicacy, that makes them faint so easily—all was confusion. Josephine came to herself in a few minutes; she wished to retire to her room, and all the ladies crowded after her all busy, and all curious; a hundred remedies were proposed, all of which had been found specific in cases of fainting, and finally it was unanimously resolved that the Baroness' great exertions to entertain her guests, and the cares of her household, has produced the unpleasant accident, aided, perhaps, by the embarrassment she must have felt at the very improper language her husband had allowed himself to use.

The Baron was busy in the meantime in bringing back the company to order. He pledged his guests, and endeavored to quiet their apprehensions by all the arguments he could devise. "It's nothing but a new fangled notion," said he, "every lady of rank has weak nerves, and if she has not, she fears she will be taken for ill-bred; this fainting away is the fashion. Another notion is, that we must never call anything by its right name: every lady must be so delicate, devout, lady like, and proprietified, that it's enough to drive a man mad. She is angry now because I indulged in an innocent jest—because I did not melt away in sympathy at this most tender and affecting story, but instead, ventured to throw out a few practical suggestions! Why, there's no harm in such things among ourselves! And as for you, friend Froben, I thought you were too sensible a man to take offence so easily."

The person he addressed had disappeared, and repaired to his chamber, out of humor with himself and with the world. He was at a loss how to account for what had happened, and his mind half

indignant at his friend's coarseness, half alarmed at Josephine's accident, was too much moved to admit of calm reflection, "Will not she believe me?" he thought to himself, "will she give more weight to her husband's sneers than to the plain unadorned truth with which I told my story? What meant the strange glances she cast upon me while I was speaking? how could this adventure affect her so deeply as to make her turn pale and tremble? does she really respect me, and was offended at his rudeness, which must have lowered me so much in her eyes? and what did she mean to say, when she rose, to check Faldner's vulgarity? or to defend me even?" He paced up and down his room as he thought thus, and his eyes fell upon the engraving of his beloved picture. He unrolled it, and eyed it, with a bitter smile. "And how could I let a feeling of shame induce me to open my heart to beings who understand nothing about matters of which the fashionable world is ignorant, vice and meanness seems to them more proper, more natural, than unusual virtue. How could I forget myself so far as to speak of those lips and cheeks to stocks and stones! Poor, poor girl! how far nobler art thou in thy low estate than these butterflies, who know real suffering and honest poverty only from report, and who treat as fable every virtue that rises above their own level! Where art thou now? and dost thou think of thy friend, and those evenings that made him so happy?" The thoughts changed the current of his feelings, and grief took place of anger.

xx.

The next morning Froben turned over in his mind the events of the day before, and was debating with himself whether or not he should leave the house, when his door opened, and the Baron entered, crest-fallen and ashamed. "You did not come to table last night, nor this morning," he began; "you are angry, but be reasonable, and pardon me; I had drank too much wine, and you know my weakness when I am heated; I cannot forbear joking. I have been punished enough already in having my fete end so, and making me the talk of the neighborhood for a month to come. Don't make me more miserable; let us be friendly as before."

"Let the affair rest," said Froben, gloomily, as he offered him his hand, "I do not like to discuss such subjects; but to-morrow I must leave you; I cannot stay here longer."

"Don't be such a fool," said Faldner, who had not expected this, "to be off for such a trifle; but I always said you were a hot-headed fellow. No, you can't go; you know you must wait at any rate till we get an answer from the Don. As for our friends you need not be uneasy, for they all gave me a famous scolding, especially the women, and said you were right, and I was too blame for all."

"How is the Baroness?" asked Froben, to change the subject.

"Oh, perfectly well; she was only a little frightened for fear of some difficulty between us, she is waiting breakfast for you; come down and be reasonable. I must be off to the mill. It's all forgotten, is it not?"

"Certainly, only let us drop the subject," was his answer, and he followed the Baron, who

full of pleasure at their speedy reconciliation, informed his lady of what had passed, and hastened to the mill. To Froben it seemed that every thing was changed; perhaps the change was in himself only. Josephine's features, her whole deportment, seemed different. A settled melancholy, a tender sorrow, seemed to have settled upon her features, yet her smile, as she welcomed him, was sweet and kind. She ascribed her illness of the day before to over-exertion, and seemed to wish to avoid the subject. But Froben, who set so high a value on her good opinion, could not consent to her refraining from all allusion to his story, and he told her, "I cannot suffer you to elude me so, Baroness! I think little of the opinions of others. What do I care if they choose to measure me by their own standard! But really I should be deeply grieved if you should come to a false conclusion, or even entertain for a moment opinions which must lower me greatly in your esteem. I beg of you, tell me honestly what you think of me and of my story!"

She eyed him for some time: her fine eyes filled with tears, as she took his hand and replied—"What I think of it, Froben? If the whole world should doubt it, I at least know that you have spoken the truth! You are not aware how well I know you!"

His color rose with pleasure as he kissed her hand. "How good is it in you not to misunderstand me," was his answer. "And indeed every word I said was the exact truth."

"And the girl," she continued, "is it she of whom you were speaking lately? Don't you remember when we were talking of Jean Paul's Clotilda, and you owned to me that you were in love, and without hope? Is it she?"

"It is," he answered gloomily. "No, you must not laugh at this folly; you can feel it too deeply to think it ridiculous. I know how much may be said against this fancy. I have often blamed myself as a fool, a dreamer chasing a shadow. I do not even know whether she loves me in return."

"She does!" cried Josephine involuntarily; but blushing at what she said, she added, "she must love you; believe me, such noble conduct must have made a deep impression on the heart of a girl of sixteen; and in all her language, as you have told it, there lurks, unless I am greatly mistaken, a very considerable degree of love."

Our hero listened to her words with delight. "How often I have said so to myself, when I was without hope, and looked back sadly to the past!" he rejoined. "But to what purpose? Only to make myself more unhappy. I have often struggled with myself, have often sought to distract myself in the crowds, to occupy my mind with a press of business. That fair unhappy figure always hovered before my eyes, and to see her once more was all I craved, I desire it still; I may confess it to you, for you can understand and respect my feelings; and I set out on a journey only because my longing desire to search for her and to look upon her drove me from home. And when I reflect upon it, it sometimes seems to me as if she might yet be mine! You turn away your head. Oh, I understand; you think I ought not to marry any one

who was sunk so low in poverty, of such doubtful descent; you are thinking of the opinions of the world, and I have often thought over it myself, but, so true as I live, if I were to find her again such as I left her, I would take counsel only of my heart. Would you censure me severely for doing so?"

She did not answer; her head was turned aside, and rested on her hand. Without moving she handed him a book, and asked him to read for her. He took it, looking at her inquiringly; for the first time he could not understand her behaviour; but she made a sign to him to read, and he obeyed, though he would rather have poured out the fullness of his heart still further. He read at first without attention, but after awhile the subject attracted him, and drew his thoughts more and more away from their conversation, and finally so engrossed him that he did not observe that the Baroness turned upon him a look of sadness, that her glances were fixed tenderly upon him, and that her eyes often filled with tears, which it was not easy to repress. By the time he had done, Josephine had recovered herself so far that she could talk composedly about the author; but he still fancied that her voice trembled at times, and the kind familiarity with which she had always treated her husband's friend had disappeared, and he would have felt unhappy, except that the warm feelings expressed in her eyes made him doubt the accuracy of his observation.

xxi.

As the Baron was not expected till evening, and his lady had retired to her apartments, Froben resolved to sleep away the sultry noon-day heat till dinner-time. He threw himself on a mossy bank in the arbor which the many pleasing hours he had spent there with his amiable hostess had endeared to him, and was soon asleep. He had left his cares behind, they did not pursue him into the land of dreams; pleasant recollections only came, and mingled and shaped themselves into new and bright images—the young girl of the *Rue St. Severin* hovered before him with her sweet voice, and began to talk of her mother; he scolded her for staying away so long, as he had never failed to look for her on the first and fifteenth of every month; he tried to steal a kiss to punish her, she resisted—he raised her veil, and saw Don Pedro, dressed in his love's clothes, and Diego his servant ready to burst with laughing at the trick. Then fancy, at one bold leap, placed him in the picture gallery in Stuttgart. The paintings had been differently arranged, he looked through all the rooms for his favorite portrait, but in vain; it was not to be found; he began to weep and to complain loudly, when the attendant came up, and asked him to be quiet and not wake the pictures, as they were all asleep just then. All at once he saw it hanging in a corner, not as before at half-length, but large as life; it looked mischievously at him, then stepped out of the frame and embraced her bewildered adorer; he felt a long warm kiss on his lips. It sometimes happens when we are dreaming, that we think we are awake, and say to ourselves it was all a dream, and so it was with him. He thought that the kiss awakened him, and that he opened

his eyes, and lo! a blooming face, that seemed a well-known one, bent over him. He closed his eyes again, faint with the delicious feeling of the warm breath, and sweet kisses that he drank in; he heard a noise, he opened his eyes again, and he saw a figure in a black hat and cloak, with a green veil, flit away. As she turned a corner she looked round at him again; it was the features of his beloved, and she wore the same envious mask. "Ah! it's only a dream!" he said, laughing at himself, and tried to shut his eyes again, but the consciousness of being awake, the rustling of the leaves in the wind, and the plashing of the fountains were so plain that he was soon fully aroused. The strange and well-defined shape of his dream stood life-like before his mind, he looked towards the corner, round which she vanished, towards the spot where she stood and bent over him, and he thought he yet felt her kisses on his lips. "Has it come to this then," he thought, not without alarm, "that I dream by day, and think I see her before me! To what madness will this lead? No, I never should have believed that any one could dream so vividly. It is a sickness of the brain, a fever of the fancy, and I am almost disposed to believe that dreams can leave foot-prints behind them, for those in the sand here are not the marks of my foot." His glance fell on the bench where he had lain, and he saw a folded paper; he took it up in great surprise. There was no direction, it was folded like a billet-doux; he debated a moment whether to open it or not, but curiosity prevailed, he opened it and—a ring fell out. He held it in his hand while he ran over the letter hastily. "Often am I near thee my noble benefactor, often am I near thee, filled with that inexpressible love which gratitude inspires, and which will end only with life. I know thy noble heart beats for me alone: thou hast wandered through distant countries to meet me, but in vain—forget an unhappy creature—for what avails it? There is happiness in the thought of being thine, and thine only, but it cannot be! For ever! was the word I said even then; I love, indeed, but fate condemns us to live asunder; only in your memory is she allowed to live as 'The Beggar-Girl of the Pont-des-Arts.'"

Our hero a second time fancied he was dreaming; he looked round inquiringly, but the well-known objects around him—the arbor, the trees, the distant castle, were all in their places, and he saw that he was really awake. "Perhaps some one is playing me a trick," he thought; "it must be so, it is Josephine's work, and the figure I saw was only a masquerade." He felt the ring lying in his hand, and turned pale as he examined it. No, here was no trick, it was the self same ring he gave his beloved when he bade her farewell for ever. Though at first tempted to indulge in superstitious feelings, the idea that finally gained the mastery was, that this token of his mistress indicated that she must be near at hand. The idea was rapture; he would not allow himself to doubt; he would see her, and that soon. He pressed the ring to his lips and rushed out of the arbor. His glances wandered in every direction, in hopes of seeing her. But he looked in vain. He asked the

workmen in the garden, the servants in the castle, whether they had seen any strange lady. They had seen no one. He sat down at table in perfect bewilderment. It was in vain that Faldner sought to learn the cause of his embarrassment; that the Baroness asked whether it was the scene of yesterday that disturbed him; his only answer was, "that something, had happened which he should certainly call a miracle, if his reason did not overcome his superstitious feelings."

[Concluded in our next.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

"Lazarus come forth."—John xi. 43.

THE unyielding hand of death had wrested a brother from the friendly circle, and thrown a gloomy aspect over the scenes of social life. The bright star of hope was removed from the sight of fond relatives, the pleasing anticipations of future days were blasted, the fluttering fancies of lively expectations died away into a melancholy anguish, for he who was much beloved, was no more. He had left the world, and they grieved at his departure; they wept when they remembered Lazarus. They had doubtless seen the smile of innocence play upon his infant lips; they had watched the various aberrations of his youthful career, and were rewarded for their labor in seeing him rise to manhood, esteemed by man and loved of God. But ah! they had seen more than this. While health was glowing in his countenance and fond anticipations spread out the blessings of futurity, they looked upon him, but the glow of health soon turned to a death-like paleness; the nerve that had hitherto been firm grew weak; the eye that had sparkled grew dim; the voice that had spoken was hushed in silence, while the faltering breath, the quivering lip and fearful gasp, announced the coming of the angel Death, and plainly told that the "time of his departure was at hand." Here then was the crisis, this the time when the most tender ties must be severed. Fain would they have hoped for his recovery, but the stroke of death was too sure. Depressed with grief and pale with fear, they gathered around the bedside of departing worth to take a last farewell of him who now seemed dearer to them than any other earthly being. O! could we have seen that weeping throng as their eyes were suffused with tears and their bosoms heaving with anguish, our sympathies would doubtless have been blended with their sorrow, and we too would have dropped the tear of pity upon the altar of affection.

Soon, they heard the last groan—perceived the last struggle, and as they gazed upon his dying visage the spirit took its flight—then the bitter tears in quick succession flowed more freely than before. With a sad and solemn silence they followed the remains of their brother to the tomb, saw them placed and sealed in the lonely vault, and returned mourning. The affectionate voice of the departed brother still sounded in the ear of surviving relatives, and in particular, two sisters deeply deplored their loss,

wept without cessation and watered the lovely spot where lay the sleeping dead with tears of unmitigated sorrow. Although for a while their anguish was severe, they wept not unseen, their sighs were not unheard. He who declared himself to be the "life and the resurrection," being acquainted with human frailty, knew how to weep and how to feel. While his pure ethereal spirit mingled its tender sympathies with the sorrows of the afflicted, in the full flow of his unbounded compassion, he promised to save the lost, to restore the dead, and when the incredulity of the unbelieving began to rise, he groaned and was troubled. Either from motives of curiosity or from a partial belief in his divinity, a numerous train accompanied him to the grave, and as the spirit of envy began to murmur among the sceptical spectators and divine compassion was moved for human sorrow—"Jesus Wept." They supposed he mourned because a friend had fallen, but doubtless he was grieved at the hardness of their hearts. After approaching the grave and groaning again in the spirit, for the sake of those who were present, he prayed; then speaking with the authority of a God, he cried, "Lazarus come forth."

At once the ethereal spirit returned, and he that was dead came forth in the attire of departed mortality. Again the hearts of the disconsolate were made to rejoice—the solitary place resounded with the aspirations of praise—the beloved brother was restored to the circle of his kindred friends, and again heaven-born happiness dwelt in human minds.

Cazenovia, July, 1841.

B. M. G.

For the Rural Repository.

THE GRAVE-YARD.

It is indeed a beautiful principle of our nature that leads us to make external things suggestive of spiritual sentiments, and enables us to draw a moral from whatever circumstances may come within the limits of our observation. The exercise of this faculty blends the beautiful with the instructive, and gives interest to subjects that would become tedious and dull. How often have I sauntered of a moon-light evening, into the grave-yard, to linger among the grass grown memorials of those loved dearly—now gone to their rest. An appalling chill shoots through the receptacle of life, at the undisturbed and universal silence of the scene;—while the stars are shining tranquilly on the white marble, and highly illuminating the name which friendship had engraven for the slumbering dead—at my feet the grass is waving in rich luxuriance, as if to hide the trophies of death—while on all sides are beheld the lofty memorials over the relics of the wealthy and the great. Ah! who in such an assemblage as this can be accounted great? And there we view the sign of the believer; and those who, perhaps, had a desire to be remembered by the living, after they shall have passed off the stage of mortal action. How much satisfaction does it afford the virtuous and good, to feel that when they are dead, some dear friend will remain, who will delight to visit their graves, and call to mind their many agreeable interviews, and drop the tear of affection, on the green turf that covers their remains. We can learn

nothing from the living, which the dead do not teach us. Would the proud learn humility? would beauty be unpretending? let her quit the festival for a moment and carry her toilet to the tomb. Would the scholar ascertain the object of knowledge; and the ambitious the true source of greatness? let him retire awhile from the living, and commune with the dead. We must all come to the mournful and silent grave, and our affections should travel in the same path. If all the youth of our country, were impressed with the solemn truth, that the author of their being hath given them certain faculties or affections, which if properly cultivated would contribute to their happiness, and that to him they are accountable for the improvement of them; it would seem that the young heart must glow with love and admiration to the great Giver of good. But on the contrary life is full of the fallacies of virtue and happiness, and when we would abuse them, let us go and purify our affections and humble our pride, and leave our hopes at the tomb of a friend, when the stars are shining upon it, "like the glorious beams of religion on the mansions of death."

C. W. N.

Strongsville, Ohio, 1841.

TRAVELING SKETCHES.

NAPLES.

In the summer, when the excessive heat drives to the opposite shore the more wealthy inhabitants and visitors of Naples, the short sojourner may more distinctly mark the character and habits of the people. In the season, when thousands of all countries flock to this delicious city, national character is lost, and we see not, neither do we hear, any thing in the middling classes but that which partakes of French, English, and German. Summer is therefore the season when Naples is seen to advantage, when its museum, its palaces, its churches, and extraordinary suburbs, may be visited and examined uninterruptedly; when the streets of Pompeii, its houses, and its prisons, may be entered alone, and the feelings thus created by their deep, deadly repose be unintruded upon by the unintellectual sight-seekers. The general appearance of Naples from the bay is exceedingly imposing; its numerous palaces and palace-like houses towering one above another, its proud castles and churches, its spacious terraces, its royal gardens, its fine projecting mole, surrounded by shipping, and the bay itself, combine to produce a striking and picturesque effect; and not less exciting is the contrast, on turning from these magnificent buildings, to view the smooth blue surface of the bay.

On entering Naples from the Roman road, the traveler passes a splendid level of many hundred acres, lined with triple rows of luxuriant trees, intermixed with numerous obelisks, statues, and other works of art; from whence, in a direct line towards the interior of the town, proceeds a noble street of probably two miles in length and considerable breadth, lined on either side with stately institutions, public gardens, and gaudily decorated shops. Passing in its course the celebrated museum Borbonico, and entering the Strada Toledo, it terminates at the Piazza Real,

on either side of which is situated the imperial palace, and the church of St. Francis and St. Paul; and in the immediate neighborhood of the celebrated theatre St. Carlo. From hence a narrow path directs immediately to the water's edge, and enters on a splendid terrace stretching the whole length of the city, affording a most delicious view of the bay and the opposite coast; from which (above the beautiful villages of Portici and Sorrento) rises the celebrated mount. To the right the fort commanding the entrance to the harbor juts out towards the opposite coast; and beyond, gracefully sloping to the water's edge, lie the royal gardens, decorated with costly marble groups, intermixed with fountains and groves of orange-trees, affording, on the sultry evenings, a delicious retreat from the noise, dust, and bustle of the streets. To the left, numerous mansions rise gradually from the water, overlooking the mole and fortifications, comprising the royal palace, the store-houses, manufactories, and dogana.

Unlike all other European towns, the residences of Naples are flat-roofed, and without exception the windows are provided with balconies; in many instances the former are converted into terraces planted with vine and orange-trees, and frequently continue from house to house a considerable distance, providing a cool and pleasant promenade in the summer evenings to those inhabitants who may have no inclination to seek the public walks. The shops generally are poor and miserable; but in the Toledo, and some few other more public thoroughfares several extremely handsome fronts have been erected, and the internal accommodation more cared for; but the prevailing feeling appears to partake more of the gaudy than the substantial. Color with the Neapolitan is evidently a great point, and is used with profusion by all classes in their architectural and other decorations—their carts, flies, and coaches are decorated with blue, red, and gold; their ice and lemon stalls are gaudily decked; and the latter, strung in all its fantastic shapes with hundreds of lemons, give an air of life and gaiety to every point. The Toledo, the Mole, and Sante Lucia are spots in Naples never to be forgotten; rolling carriages and vehicles of all kinds and shapes incessantly pass and repass; thousands of gaily-decked peasants and picturesque (though dirty) lazzaroni throng to these delightful spots; and towards the close of day a scene of life, gaiety, and confusion ensues which is probably not witnessed in any other city in the world. In the Sante Lucia, soon after sun-set, benches, neatly spread with cloths, and strewed with every accommodation for the famished visitor, extend on a level with the water a considerable distance, illuminated by numberless paper lamps; while in the rear, large caldrons of fire, covered with jars or irons, prepare the finest of Naples fish and macaroni for the evening's meal. Good humor prevails; the Neapolitan peasant appears the happiest of human beings; with his dish of macaroni or risorto and his long-necked, gracefully-shaped bottle, well filled with wine, he gaily commences the hours of relaxation, and completes the evening with his merry song and tinkling mandola.

The churches of Naples, though exceedingly

handsome, are far inferior to those of Rome and Florence: with few exceptions they are not superior to the Parisian places of worship. The principal is that dedicated to St. Francis and St. Paul erected by Ferdinand the First, in fulfilment of a vow made during a severe illness; but although on a large scale, and intended to vie somewhat with St. Peter's, it is wanting in every requisite to render it a gratifying object to inspect. St. Carlo, the only theatre in Naples of any consequence, is justly considered (with the exception of La Scala, at Milan) the most superb structure of the kind in the world.

BIOGRAPHY.

ALEXANDER MACOMB.

GEN. ALEXANDER MACOMB was born at Detroit, Michigan, in 1782, and was fifty-nine years of age at his death. He has, more emphatically than any other man in the American Army, been a soldier from his cradle. He volunteered in the cause of his country at 16 years of age—and his merits and services being conspicuous, was speedily promoted. At 18, he was made Lieutenant—at 23, Captain—at 26, Major—at 29, Colonel—at 32, Brigadier General—and at about the age of 42, succeeded General Brown as Commander-in-Chief of the American Army. Gen. Macomb, though he had seen less service than some of the officers of the last War, yet he has ever been a laborious officer. He has worked with his pen as well as with his sword. His Treatise on Martial Law and Courts-Martial, is a standard work in the Army of the United States. His most distinguished action was the defence of Plattsburgh, on the 11th day of September, 1814. With a force of less than 2,000 men he obtained a complete and decisive victory over the British force of 14,000 men, commanded by Sir George Prevost; and the same day, the British naval force on Lake Champlain was captured by Lieutenant Macdonough.

The life and character of General Macomb has been consistent, brave and useful. He was one of those men whose memory a generous nation ever delights to honor—whose lives are made useful in the cultivation of the arts of peace as well as of war. Had the Ruler of nations decreed our career, for the last quarter of a century, to have been one of war, instead of one of peace, Gen. Macomb's talents would have carried him to an enviable and distinguished elevation.

It is somewhat remarkable that General Macomb, was one of Gen. Harrison's warmest personal friends, as well as his compatriot in arms, and who acted so conspicuous a part in those ceremonies that consigned his body to the dust and the earth, should so soon follow his veteran leader to his last home. But three months since he commanded the military escort on the melancholy occasion of the lamented President's burial, and was one of the three staunch friends that descended with the body into the dark and damp house of death. In less than that time he himself has been borne to the same mansion, to wake again at the call of no trumpet but that of the Arch-Angel's, at the time of the final review of all the armies of the earth!

MISCELLANY.

From the Knickerbocker.

THE LIFE OF A CITY DOCTOR.

BY A PRACTITIONER.

"I THINK of settling down in the country myself; not that I have any doubt of succeeding in the city, if I should try it there. Oh! no, not the least. On the contrary, my prospects there would appear to be flattering. I am told that men of eminent talent are sure to do well, and some of my friends want me to take an office down town; but the case is just this: I'm of a romantic turn of mind, doctor, and love the green fields. Give me the green fields in preference to all the bricks and mortar in the world! It would therefore be entirely contrary to my genius, you understand, to be shut up in town, and to be driving about from morning to night through crowded streets without time to eat as much as a sandwich, for administering to the wants of a crowded population —"

"And without any time for repose by night," added I.

"Just so, just so. No sooner have you laid your head on your pillow, than jingle, jingle, jingle, goes the night bell; pop goes your head out at the window. 'What's wanting?' 'Doctor please come immediately!' 'Can't you wait till morning, sir? Very much fatigued, been riding out till a late hour, just got to bed.' 'No, no, impossible; require your attendance immediately.' 'Believe I must request you to go for another doctor, Sir, can't stand this life much longer, very much need repose, body and mind. Do oblige me by calling at the next square for Dr. So and so.' 'Can't do it, doctor; very sorry to disturb you, but so it is; had my orders, can't take no for an answer. Do come immediately! consider it as a great favor, money no object; got a carriage here for you to jump in, whirl you round in a few minutes.' 'Very well, if I must, I must; be with you in a few seconds.' Haul in my head, pull on my drawers, curse the life of a city doctor, run down stairs, jump into carriage; rumble go the wheels over the everlasting pavement; stop before a four story house; run in, just as willing, to all appearance, as if I'd slept sound and been called out at mid-day; and this sort of thing to be endured, not occasionally, not once a month, or once a week, but every night throughout the whole year!"

"Ha! ha! ha! Excellent! You have drawn the picture to the very life!"

"Wait awhile; haven't told you half yet, come home in the morning; breakfast ready, splendid coffee, nice toast, sit enjoying it in slippers; morning paper fresh from the press; packet come in over night; news twenty-three days later from England; Eastern question not likely to be settled; a murder that occasioned great excitement, just in the middle of the paragraph, when jingle, jingle, jingle goes the bell again. Know my doom, forsake the toast, swallow down the coffee hurriedly, dash out another cup; servant comes in, 'doctor please hurry! His Excellency the Governor is in town, and has been seized with a fit at the Corinthian Buildings, No. 9, Park Place.' 'Bless my soul! Tom

bring me my boots.' Seize my hat, and rush out into the street like mad —"

"Capital!" exclaimed I, laughing and rubbing my hands in ecstasy, "you must be exaggerating a little, doctor."

"My dear fellow, no. Hear me out, not quite done yet. Invited to a dinner party up town; calculating on it all day, eat nothing; kept my appetite in prime order, ready to do justice; very well; make all my arrangements, arrive; jovial company; sit down at the table; hardly touched soup, when the servant comes behind my chair, slips a note into my hand, well, its all up with me. Company very sorry, would be glad to keep me; can't help it, back out with as good grace as I can."

"Too bad, too bad, doctor!"

"Bad, my dear fellow! Pooh! That's nothing at all. Go to an evening party, brilliant rooms, large assembly engaged to dance with a charming girl; evening passing away delightfully; just ten minutes before supper, called away! Next night go to the theatre; Italians there: invited to sit in a private box; talking agreeably with the ladies, glass up to my eye looking all over the house, first act half over; Prima Donna just a going to make her appearance; one of the gentlemen whispers, 'Doctor, man in the lobby wants to speak with you.' 'Good evening ladies,' and out I go to exchange the exhilarating scenes of pleasure for the chamber of the sick or dying."

"Ah," exclaimed I, sobered down somewhat by this melancholy little touch, "what a picture have you drawn of the every-day life of the city doctor! And I suppose that Sunday would bring you no relief."

"None whatever. Bells ring in the morning; shave, go to church, put my head down, mind composed; world and its vanities put to flight, almost on the verge of heaven. Reverend gentleman takes his text; just then a man comes down, the aisle, stops at my pew door, leans down, whispers in my ear; take up my hat; clergyman says to himself, 'Poor doctor! can't worship God in peace!' Friends nod and smile; ladies put their heads together; people hang over the galleries; sexton opens the door, go out. Ah! my dear fellow believe me, it is a dog's life!"

THE DEAD ALIVE.

SOME hypochondriacs have fancied themselves miserably afflicted in one way, and some in another; some have insisted that they were teapots, and some that they were town-clocks; one that he was extremely ill, and another that he was actually dying. But, perhaps, none of this blue-devil class ever matched in extravagance a patient of the late Dr. Stevenson, of Baltimore.

This hypochondriac, after ringing the change of every mad conceit that ever tormented a crazy brain, would have it at last that he was dead, actually dead. Dr. Stevenson having been sent for one morning in great haste, by the wife of his patient, hastened to his bed-side, where he found him stretched out at full length, his hands across his breast, his toes in contact, his eyes and mouth closely shut, and his looks cadaverous.

"Well, sir, how do you do? how do you do,

this morning?" asked Dr. Stevenson, in a jocular way, approaching his bed. "How do I do?" replied the hypochondriac faintly; "a pretty question to ask a dead man." "Dead!" replied the doctor. "Yes, sir, dead, quite dead. I died last night about twelve o'clock."

Dr. Stevenson putting his hand gently on the forehead of the hypochondriac, as if to ascertain whether it was cold, and also feeling his pulse, exclaimed in a doleful note, "Yes, the poor man is dead enough; 'tis all over with him, and now the sooner he can be buried the better." Then stepping up to his wife, and whispering to her not to be frightened at the measures he was about to take, he called to the servant; "My boy, your poor master is dead; and the sooner he can be put in the ground the better. Run to C——m, for I know he always keeps New England coffins by him ready made; and, do you hear, bring a coffin of the largest size, for your master makes a stout corpse, and having died last night, and the weather being warm, he will not keep long."

Away went the servant, and soon returned with a proper coffin. The wife and family having got their lesson from the doctor, gathered round him, and howled not a little, while they were putting the body in the coffin. Presently the pall-bearers, who were quickly provided, and let into the secret, started with the hypochondriac for the church-yard. They had not gone far, before they were met by one of the town's people, who having been properly drilled by Stevenson, cried out, "Ah, doctor, what poor soul have you got there?"

"Poor Mr. B——," sighed the doctor, "left us last night."

"Great pity he had not left us twenty years ago," replied the other; "he was a bad man."

Presently another of the townsmen met them with the same question, "And what poor soul have you got there, doctor?"

"Poor Mr. B——," answered the doctor again, "is dead."

"Ah! indeed," said the other; "and so he is gone to meet his deserts at last."

"Oh villain!" exclaimed the man in the coffin.

Soon after this, while the pall-bearers were resting themselves near the church-yard, another stepped up with the old question again, "What poor soul have you got there, doctor?"

"Poor Mr. B——," he replied, "is gone."

"Yes, and to the bottomless pit," said the other; "for if he is not gone there, I see not what use there is for such a place." Here the dead man, bursting off the lid of the coffin, which had been purposely left loose, leaped out, exclaiming, "Oh you villain! I am gone to the bottomless pit, am I? Well, I have come back again, to pay such ungrateful rascals as you are."

A chase was immediately commenced, by the dead man after the living, to the petrifying consternation of many of the spectators, at sight of a corpse, in all the horrors of the winding sheet running through the streets. After having exercised himself into a copious perspiration by the fantastic race, the hypochondriac was brought home by Dr. Stevenson, freed from all his complaints; and by strengthening food, generous wine, cheerful company, and moderate exercise, was soon restored to perfect health.

"THEY."

A GREAT many excellent people have had their worldly prospects entirely destroyed, and hundreds, nay thousands, have had their hearts wrung with anguish in consequence of the slanders of the family of "They." If a man repeats a slander in the street, and he is asked who told him so, his answer is "They said so." "They" ought to be hooted out of society; "They" have done more mischief in the domestic and social circles than any other family under heaven. How easy it is for a slander to be propagated, which perhaps may ruin a young man's prospects forever; and it must be borne in mind that "They" are always implicitly believed. An example by way of illustration. A friend meets another in the street, and asks if he has seen M. Q. that morning. His answer is no, that he had been gambling all night. The response is—It is impossible, for he drank tea with me last evening and did not leave until 10 o'clock; who told you so? "They" told me so, is the answer; and as he desired a favor of me to-day, I shall not grant it until I know the truth of the business, for I don't intend to assist gamblers. So poor Mr. Q. who had always borne a good character—who, drank tea with his neighbor, and who, on his return to his residence, retired to rest—and, withal, never saw a gaming table in his life, is branded with the title of gambler, because "They" said so. A slander is like dust; it finds its way into the most remote recesses, and spreads like the clouds, over the whole face of the heavens. We close this little essay by advising our readers to place very little or no confidence in any story whose propagator is "They."

"They" should never be believed in religion, morals, politics, or in any matter pertaining to social life.—*Southern Argus.*

CHOICE OF OCCUPATION.

It is a very common error with parents, in determining upon the future occupations of their children, to fix upon a profession, or some sedentary employment, for those of a weakly or delicate constitution; while to the robust and vigorous, is assigned a more active and laborious occupation, demanding considerable bodily exertion, and repeated exposure to the open air. As a general rule, the very opposite of this course should be pursued: the robust being the best able to bear up against the pernicious effects of that confinement and inactivity, to which the enfeebled constitution will very speedily fall a prey; while the latter will be materially benefited by the very exertion and exposure to which it is supposed to be unadapted.

When we examine the individuals who compose the various trades and occupations, and find certain classes present, very commonly, a pale, meagre, and sickly aspect, while others are replete with health, vigor, and strength; we are not to suppose that because the pursuits of the one demand but little, and those of the other considerable bodily strength, the first are best adapted to the weakly, and the latter to the strong: we are rather to ascribe this very difference in their appearance, to the influence their several occupations exert upon the health of the system.

Let the most healthy and vigorous individual

exchange his laborious occupation in the open air, for one which requires confinement within doors, and but little exercise, and his florid complexion, well developed muscles, and uninterrupted health, will very speedily give place to paleness, more or less emaciation, and debility, and occasionally to actual disease of the stomach or lungs. On the other hand, the reverse effects will be produced, by the sedentary exchanging, before it is too late, their confinement and inactivity, for some active employment in the open air. These are important considerations, and attention to which, in the choice of a profession, would be the means of saving not a little suffering—in many instances, of prolonging life.

IRISH DRIVING.

VARIOUS are the anecdotes on record of the humor of Irish post boys, but we question if any of them are more characteristic than the following incident. While in Ireland last summer, two gentlemen hired a car from Belfast to go by the hill road. A little after they had reached the rising ground, and while absorbed in admiration of the extensive and picturesque scenery they scarcely perceived that the driver had pulled up the horse, till he came round and opened the car door, and immediately shut it with a bang, bawling out at the same time, "Now get along, Paddy." On being asked, in rather a surly tone, the meaning of his conduct, he held up his hands as if to command silence, and repeating, in a half whisper, "Hold yer tongues, yer honors; I'm making Paddy believe that you're out, and walking up the hill, for the devil a foot he'd go farther this day, did he know that yer honors were sitting at yer aise, an' himself pullin' the legs off of him up this tarnation hill."

PRETTY GOOD.—Last night when the congregation of one of the churches were leaving the house of worship it commenced raining. A lady said to the gentleman who accompanied her and her sister, "Why, it rains—send and get an umbrella." "Why, my dear," said the gentleman, "you are neither sugar nor salt, and rain will not hurt you." "No," said the lady but we are *lasses*."—*Bulletin.*

NON-EXISTENCE.—"Where's Sambo?" inquired a gentleman at the dwelling of a well known shoe black, near Boston, who was attending a non-resistance meeting in the city. "Sambo?" responded the female department, "why, Lord, Massa, he's off eb'ry minute at some non-existence meetin' or other—now for my part I'm in favor of a little existence now and den."

APPLICATION OF THE RULE, "LIKE PRODUCES LIKE."—A lady having the misfortune to have her husband hang himself on an apple tree, the wife of a neighbor immediately came to beg a branch of that tree, to have it grafted into her own orchard, "for who knows," says she, "but it may bear the same kind of fruit."

A YANKEE boy had a whole Dutch cheese set before him one day by a waggish friend, who, however, gave him no knife. "This is a funny looking cheese, uncle Jo, but where shall I cut

it?" "Oh," said the grinning friend, "cut it where you like." "Very well," said the Yankee, coolly putting it under his arm, "I'll just cut it at home, then."

"My dear, you are not the woman I took you to be." "But my dear, you are the man I took you to be. Go and rock that child this minute, or I'll —."

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

C. W. H. West Granville, Ms. \$1.00; W. F. Rhinebeck, N. Y. \$1.00; W. K. N. Fletcher, O. \$1.00; G. C. Ryegate, Vt. \$1.00; W. D. Y. Weaversville, Pa. \$1.00; J. C. C. Norway, N. Y. \$2.00; H. C. New Haven, N. Y. \$5.00; O. J. O. Collinsville, N. Y. \$6.00; P. M. Stafford, N. Y. \$2.00; J. B. Mattland, U. C. \$1.00; B. B. Niles, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Attica, N. Y. \$2.00; M. T. C. Baldwinville, N. Y. \$1.00; A. G. Baldwinville, N. Y. \$2.00; H. C. D. Hanover, N. H. \$12.00; C. O. Le Roy, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. North Haverhill, N. H. \$5.00; S. C. M. Pembroke, N. Y. \$1.00; J. L. M. Wessex, N. Y. \$1.00; J. E. Otis, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Cuddebackville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. M. B. Cazenovia, N. Y. \$5.00; M. S. Stockport, N. Y. \$1.00; I. M. A. Alden, N. Y. \$5.00; H. D. Cortland Village, N. Y. \$1.00; S. W. Danbury, Ct. \$1.00; J. L. S. Gilboa, N. Y. \$1.00; E. N. Islip, N. Y. \$1.00; C. H. Monticello, N. Y. \$1.00; J. G. S. North Wardsboro', Vt. \$1.00; A. P. K. Proctorsville, Vt. \$1.00; S. W. B. Wurtsboro', N. Y. \$1.00; A. F. Windham, Vt. \$1.00; P. L. Cooperstown, N. Y. \$1.00; H. C. Dean's Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; E. O. J. Waitsfield, Vt. \$1.00; G. T. Stanford Vile, N. Y. \$1.00; F. E. L. West Dummerston, Vt. \$1.00; P. M. Collins Centre, N. Y. \$2.00; H. A. R. Mt. Vernon, O. \$2.00; J. Z. Salisbury, N. Y. \$1.00; J. M. P. Watervliet, N. Y. \$1.00; D. V. F. Franklin, N. H. \$1.00; H. F. N. Madison, O. \$1.00; P. M. Morrisville, Vt. \$1.00; F. B. C. Montrose, Pa. \$7.00; A. B. K. Manlius, N. Y. \$1.00; W. S. B. Perryville, R. I. \$1.00; D. A. V. Shoreham, Vt. \$1.00; J. H. E. Poughkeepsie, N. Y. \$1.00; N. W. Hyde Park, Pa. \$1.00; H. B. Spencertown, N. Y. \$1.00; M. C. Shelby, N. Y. \$1.00; Mrs. B. South Dover, N. Y. \$1.00; M. J. South Bainbridge, N. Y. \$3.00; I. P. H. Upper Lisle, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. West Greenfield, N. Y. \$3.00; L. O. East Franklin, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Fredonia Plains, N. Y. \$2.00; O. T. Hall's Mills, N. Y. \$3.00; I. S. W. Franklin, Vt. \$1.00; H. S. S. Buffalo, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Barre, Vt. \$5.00; M. C. New-York Mills, N. Y. \$1.00; S. A. Q. Euclid, N. Y. \$1.00; E. C. Hannibal, N. Y. \$1.00; H. W. W. Skaneateles, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Buskirk's, Bridge, N. Y. \$4.00; G. F. C. South Livonia, N. Y. \$1.00; E. B. I. Durham, N. Y. \$1.00; M. A. L. Oriskany, N. Y. \$1.00; D. C. S. Mellenville, N. Y. \$1.00; A. D. H. Berlin, Vt. \$1.00; E. K. H. Bloomfield, Ct. \$6.00; E. B. T. Westborough, Ms. \$1.00; A. W. Phoenix, N. Y. \$1.00; H. M. B. Lanesborough, Ms. \$1.00; W. I. A. De Ruyter, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Grangerville, N. Y. \$3.00; I. M. T. Hartford, Ct. \$1.00; S. E. Northumberland, N. Y. \$1.00; W. P. H. Oswego, N. Y. \$5.00; R. S. Tyre, N. Y. \$1.00; W. L. F. Binghamton, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Belfast, N. Y. \$3.00; N. C. J. Esperance, N. Y. \$1.00; W. A. H. Guilford, N. Y. \$1.00; T. J. Oriskany, N. Y. \$1.00; A. S. Rock City, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Sennet, N. Y. \$2.00; C. B. B. Troy, N. Y. \$3.00; C. E. M. Tioga Centre, N. Y. \$4.00; C. H. B. West Sandlake, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Greensboro', N. C. \$5.00; J. B. South Kortright, N. Y. \$1.00; E. G. S. Rushville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. A. M. Lexington Heights, N. Y. \$1.00; A. T. jr. Quaker Hill, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Windham, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Gorham, N. Y. \$3.00; O. D. Elmira, N. Y. \$1.00; L. B. 2d, South Danby, N. Y. \$1.00; W. A. Canaan, Ct. \$1.00; H. L. Great Barrington, Ms. \$1.00; E. E. New-York, \$1.00; E. D. S. Sand Bank, N. Y. \$1.00; O. H. V. South Durham, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Adrian, Mich. \$3.00; J. S. T. Gilboa, N. Y. \$1.00; C. D. S. Waitsfield, Vt. \$1.00; E. H. S. Jerusalem South, N. Y. \$1.00; D. C. P. Fredonia, N. Y. \$1.00; H. A. F. Boston, Ms. \$1.00; G. M. Meredith, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. St. Johnsbury East, Vt. \$5.00; L. F. Hancock, Ms. \$1.00; A. G. Kingsbury, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Cazenovia, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. West Gaines, N. Y. \$3.00; A. B. Earlville, N. Y. \$1.00; C. I. P. New Lisbon, N. Y. \$1.00; H. A. B. Elba, N. Y. \$1.00.

Married,

In this city, on the 6th inst. by the Rev. J. B. Waterbury, Hon. J. P. Jones, of Monticello, Sullivan County, to Miss Charlotte E. Andrews, of Albany.

At Albany, on the 23d ult. by the Rev. Dr. John A. Yates, of Schenectada, John Van Buren, Esq. to Elizabeth, daughter of the Hon. James Vanderpoel, all of Albany.

Died,

In this city, on the 1st inst. Mr. Cornelius Yates, in the 30th year of his age.

On the 10th inst. the Hon. Ezekiel Gilbert, in the 86th year of his age.

On the 6th inst. Catharine A. daughter of Mr. Robert H. Moores, in the 6th year of her age.

In Claverack, on the 12th ult. Sarah Jane, daughter of Alexander H. and Maria Van Rensselaer, in her 4th year.

In Catskill, on the 29th ult. Mr. Truman Gillet, in the 32d year of his age.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

SONNET.

'Tis evening hour, and far on high
Each star is glittering in the sky;
Fair lamps which light the arch of Heaven,
Sweet guides to weary mortals given,
Shedding their mystic, holy ray,
To guard the wand'rer on his way;
Chaste Dian, with her silvery light,
The day makes envious of the night,
While nature gladly owns the power,
The soothing spell, of twilight hour.

Refreshing dews, the tears of eve,
Like diamonds gem each nestling leaf,
And gently falling on the earth,
With kisses greet each floweret's birth;
From every hill, from every grove,
Are heard the melting tones of love;
Earth, air, the sky, the sea,
Are filled with nature's melody,
Now scarcely heard, like echo sweet
Of harps by heavenly minstrels beat,
Now swelling on each rising breeze
That murmurs through the bending trees,
While Zephyr, passing swift along,
Bears on its wings the tide of song. R. of H.

For the Rural Repository.

THE LAY OF THE ZEPHYR.

THE ZEPHYR'S SONG.

I HAVE roamed o'er many a mountain and hill,
O'er isles afar in the sea,
And many a bower and murmuring rill
Have echoed my minstrelsy.
In the lordly hall and the cottage low,
Have I breathed my varied song;
And much I have seen of welfare and woe,
In spots I have passed along.

THE EXILE.

List! list sweet Zephyr! here rest thee awhile!
The exile wooeth thy stay;
Oh pause, and an hour of sadness beguile
With the notes of thy joyous lay.
Come tell me a tale of some wondrous sight
Thou hast in thy roving seen;
Of the fairy lands, so lovely and bright,
Through which thy journey hath been.

THE ZEPHYR.

I will tell thee a tale, thou wandering one,
For the love thou bearest to me;
And remember thou oft when the Zephyr is gone,
The lay he murmurs to thee.
'Twas whispered to me in a rock woven bower,
Where I paused one bright spring day,
To witness the might of the sun-god's power,
As the snows he wasted away.

I saw them sink, as he shot forth his beams,
Those hosts in their armor fair,
And now by hill sides and 'neath the blue streams,
They lie in sepulchres there.
And the brooks that purl from the crystal grotts
Weep tears of silvery spray,
As they gambol along the flowery spots
Where the snow-children passed away.

As I rested there, the Fairy that bides
Unseen in that gem lighted cave;
The glittering feet of whose jewel-decked sides
Are kissed by many a wave—
Came and bore me away through portals of spar
To the land where spirits dwell;
Where the golden hills shed their lustre afar,
And harps sweet harmonies swell.

There gaily I roamed the gardens of love
And over elysian plains;
By many a fountain, through many a grove
I breathed my wandering strains.
And I floated on o'er the glassy sea,
By the "islands of the blest;"
Where under the shade of life's holy tree,
The just and the perfect rest.

As I stopped awhile in a silver bower
Enwove by a crystal vine,
On which full many a jeweled flower
With its diamond rays did shine;
Two spirits went by in robes shining bright,
On wings of snowy-like hue;
And garlands of peace, and halos of light
Rich brilliancy over them threw.

Thou knewest them once, thou wanderer lone,
Those beings so lovely and fair;
They were of the land where thy hill girt home,
And the haunts of thy boyhood are.
In a vine sheltered cot that stood in a dell,
Near an ice-covered mountain's brow,
Those maidens did once in happiness dwell
That roam through shadow-land now.

Oh sad was the day when they left the green spot
Where they spent life's earliest hours,
When they bid farewell to their beauteous cot,
With its lawn and lily decked bowers—
To journey afar to the treacherous clime
Where sunbeams wantonly play;
Where light flowing winds soft flatteries chime,
As through green pastures they stray.

Full often together in sadness they mourned,
And on each dear bosom wept;
As their thoughts to scenes of childhood returned,
Fond memories over them crept.
They shed their tears, breathed their sighs in vain,
For that valley and cottage dear;
They might not go back to its quiet again,
Nor sleep with the loved ones there.

As the rapid months flew quietly on
And leaves from the boughs did fall,
To the "better land" did the noiseless one
The first gentle sister call.
And he pressed her close in his cold embrace,
Imprinted a kiss on her brow,
While a faint beaming smile spread over her face
An angel's transcendent glow.

No tear drop did she the lonely one shed
As she knelt her down by the bier,
To gaze on the brow of the lovely dead
That lay in calm beauty there.
For she knew that the eye of the noiseless one
Did kindly upon her rest;
And she felt his hand gently press her own
When her sister sank on his breast.

So she decked her face with a joyous smile,
She stifled each rising sigh,
And a spirit-like lustre grew brighter the while
In her mildly beautiful eye.
Whenever she bended the knee to pray,
Sweet hymns of rapture would rise,
While hovering ones repeating each lay,
Swelled it along to the skies.

One wintry eve as the Silver Queen
Through the azure fields did go,
When mountain and valley and each still scene
Was robed in the pearly snow,
The maiden looked out on the landscape fair
That with Fay-land brightness shone;
And thus as she gazed in pensiveness there
She murmured in plaintive tone:

Oh would I might die
When from the bright sky
The stars are shedding their light;
When the moon's mild ray
Doth silently stray
Through the sparkling halls of night.
When snow children sleep on the breast of the earth,
And the winds waft by their accents of mirth;
Such! such be the hour when my spirit shall flee
On pinions of love, dear sister, to thee.

As the lingering tones of the maiden's song
With its last sweet cadence did die;
And she listed again as it swelled along,
To the cool wind's gentle sigh;
Rich, thrillingly full, like some heavenly strain
That in dreams men often hear,
An answering voice from mountain and plain
Thus fell on her raptured ear.

Come away! Sister, come,
To the Angel's bright home,
To the land where thy loved ones are;
And I'll sing thee the song
As we hasten along
That they ceaselessly warble there.
See! softly asleep on mountain and plain
The fairy-like snow-children lie;
And the murmuring winds sing a joyous strain
As the moonbeams dance playfully by.
Then come, sister, come
To thy spirit-land home,
For loved ones are waiting thee there,
And gaily we'll sing
As on dazzling wing
We haste to their dwellings so fair.

The maiden poured forth no answering song
To the notes of this heavenly lay,
But she followed on where it led her along,
O'er hill-side and valley away.
And when kind ones came at the morning's dawn
To comfort the maiden fair,
They found her not—so they knew she had gone
To the land where the Angels are. H. M. D.
Leeds, Fauquier Co. Va. April, 1841.

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